A MODERN MERCENARY,

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY E. AND H. HERON.

(Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday & McClure Co. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER I.

A Lieutenant of Frontier Cavalry. During four months of the year the independent state of "Maasau," we will call itwhich is not very noticeable even on the largest-sized map of Europe-is tormented by a dry and wearying northeast wind. And nowhere is its influence more unpleasantly felt than in the capital, Revonde, which stands shoulder-on to the hustling gales, its stately frontages and noble quays stretching out westward along the shores of the Kofn almost to where the yellow course

waters of the river spread fanwise into a gray-green sea.

The tsa was blowing strongly on a certain November afternoon, eddying and whistling about the wide spaces of the "Why? Isn't our army good enough for you to fight in?"

"If it was only that!—I could fight in the ranks, God knows, but I couldn't parade in them! Besides, the life here suited me—then."

It chanced that the room for the moment had but one occupant, who sat in a roomy armchair by the white stove. This gentle-

spoke. "So you're here. I imagined they kept you pretty closely on the frontler. The world been kicking you?"
Rallywood laughed.
"No, but it would do me good to kick the world," he answered, as he helped himself from the major's cigar case. "Five years, almost six, spent on the frontler, with nothing to show for it, isn't good enough. I've come up to send in my papers."
"Then you'll be a fool," returned the major with decision.

for with decision.

Railywood was busy lighting his cigar; when that was arranged to his satisfaction

he said, easily:
"Just so. History repeats itself."
Counsellor stood squarely upright with
his hands behind him.
"Any other reasons?" he asked.
"Plenty."
"Pity! Are they serious or—otherwise?"
Ballerand only of the serious or—otherwise?"

"Plenty."
"Pity! Are they serious or—otherwise?"
Rallywood pulled his mustache.
"Why is it a pity?" he asked slowly.
"Because there is going to be trouble here, and with trouble comes a chance."
Rallywood smoked on in silence. He was a big, shallow-flanked man with the marks of the world upon him, and that indescribable air which comes to one who has passed.

able air which comes to one who has pass-ed a good portion of his time in laughing at the arbitrary handicaps arranged by Fate in the race of life.

"Where do you propose to go?" asked Connsellor after an interval. "Back to Africa, I think—Buluwayo, Johannesburg, anywhers. South Afric the bud, you see." Yes, but it is a biggish bud and will take

bow. "Selpdorf, I see, already has his finger upon you."

Rallywood broke the great seals, and, having read, he tossed the paper into the

Counsellor paused, then went on with a grim smile, "at your age, John, there are possibilities. Think over it. After hanging on here for more than five years, why lose your chance now? Look at those with the service. It appears to me, Rallywood, that your chance has come out to meet Rallywood rose lazily and gazed out also. The prospect was not cheering. A few troopers, their cloaks flapping in the wind. were galloping across the square on way to relieve guard at the palace, and der the statue of the late grand duke of the late grand duke horseback three men in tall hats stood talking together; then they turned and walked toward the club. "Know them?" asked Counsellor.

Rallywood shook his head.
"The man with the beard is Stokes of the Times, next him is Bradley; he's on another big daily. Their being here speaks for itself. Mnasau is going to take up people's attention shortly. The grand duke is the attention shortly. n a tight place, and there will be a flare-

said Rallywood meditatively from the window; then he lounged back to his chair. "How will it end?" Counsellor shook the ash from his cigar. 'Selpdorf is the man of the hour,"

On the autumn evening when these two men were talking at the club the duchy of Maasau was, in the opinion of Maasaun patriots, going as fast as it could to the devil. With them, it may be added, the devil was personified and bore the name of a neighboring nation. The one person who ignored this fact was the grand duke. With an inset, stubborn pride, he believed that his country must remain forever, as the long centuries had known her, Maasau the Free. This being the case, he felt himself at liberty to spend his time in cursing the fate that had refused blue seas and skies to sources of revenue which depend upon limate, and which are enjoyed by places ss naturally beautiful than the capital

The duke, prematurely aged by the manlevise schemes for raising money whereby he might carry on the staling pleasures of his youth. Beyond this the administration of public affairs was left entirely in the supple hands of the chancellor, M. Selpdorf, while the duke, with those who surrounded him, plunged into the newest excitement a the hour, for who knew what a day might bring forth? The court was like a stage lit by lurid heat, on which the actors laughed and loved, danced and fought to the music of a wild finale, that whirled and maddened before the crash of the coming end. ore the crash of the coming end.

Once upon a time Maasau was accounted of no particular importance or value among its bigger neighbors; but of late, for vartis bigger neignbors; but of late, for var-fous reasons, its fortunes had become the subject of attention and discussion in at least three foreign chancellaries, where old maps were being looked up and new ones bought and painted different colors, ac-cording as seemed most desirable by the bearded men who sat in council to appor-tion the marsh, rock, dune and forest of which the now absorbingly interesting high tion the marsh, rock, dune and forest of which the now absorbingly interesting pigstate was composed.

my state was composed.

In fact, Maasau, with its twenty miles or so of seaboard, containing one excellent port in esse and two others in posse, had become a Naboth's vineyard to a country simost land-bound and yet dreaming of the supremacy of the four seas. On this ambition and its possible consequences the other great powers looked, to speak diplomatically, with coldness.

It was generally understood that the English foreign office desired the maintenance of the status quo. France was supposed to be ready to clap a young republic on the

of the status quo, France was supposed to be ready to clap a young republic on the back and to accord it her protection, while Russia played her own dumb and blinding game, of which none could definitely pronounce the issue. The political world thus stood at gaze, watching every change and prepared to take advantage of any crame that offered. The honors of the game so far had lain with M. Selpdorf, who scored each trick with the same bland smile. each trick with the same pland smile. Whenever the treasury of Maasau was at a low ebb Selpdorf usually had a thirreenth card to lay upon the table, and as the na-tions cautiously proceeded to frustrate each other's purposes, royal remittances from heaven knows where flowed in abundantly replenish the bankrupt exchaquer of th

When Maj. Counseller expressed his em phatic disapproval of the intended resigna-tion of Rallywood a new development was in the air. Hitherto the lead had mostly devolved upon Selpdorf; on this occasion he was known to be hanging back, and the question of who would take the initiative was the question of the day. The fact that Germany had lately accredited a new rep-resentative, a certain Baron von Elmur, to

the court of Maasau, an able man whose reputation rested mainly on the successful performance of missions of a delicate nature, added to the tension of the moment.
"So you say they are getting steam up in
Maasau?" said Rallywood again. "I have been out in the wilds for the last six months, and don't know so much about events as I might."

events as I might."
"Steam up?" growled Coursellor. "Steam enough to wreck Europe! I almost wish I'd never godfathered you into this blessed little stoke hole. Why the deuce didn't you enlist at home instead of coming here?"
"That was out of the question, of course."

Why? Isn't our army good enough for

whistling about the wide spaces of the Grand Square, as John Railywood, a tall figure in a military cloak, turned the corner of a side street and met its full blast. He faced it for some yards along the empty pavements, then ran up the steps of his club. A few minutes later he passed through a lofty corridor and entered a door over which is set a quaint invitation to smokers, which may not be written down here, for it is the jealously guarded copy-

It was not half bad as long as the new-ness lasted, but I can't stand it any longer! I'm sick of the monotony. Do you know old Fitzadams' criticism on the service here? "Dust and drill, drill and dust, and fill in the chinks with homicidal maneuv-

man dld not raise his head, but continued to gaze thoughtfully at his well-shaped though square and comfortable boots.

Railywood paused almost imperceptibly in his stride.

"Hullo, major! Glad to see you," he said, as he dropped into an armchair opposite.

Major Counsellor stood up with his back to the stove, thereby giving a view of a red, challenging face, heavy eyebrows and a huge white droop of mustache. He looked a huge white droop of mustache. He looked all because they have no india and no Africa, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have no india and no Africa, as we have, where we can give our rica, as we have no india and no Africa, as we have no india and no Afr all because they have no India and no Africa, as we have, where we can give our fellows a taste of the real thing any day in the week. We carry on a small war with a regiment, or dispatch a youngster with half a company to teach manners and honesty to 20,000 niggers. The peculiarity of our army is that it is always at war. In this way we escape the dangers of theory, and get practice with something for our money into the bargain."

"Our plan has its advantages," agreed Rallywood, lazily. "I saw in South Africa what a little active service does for a man. The first time he is under fire he is persuaded that he is going to be killed, and that every shot must hit him. But after a trial or two he begins to think that the

trial or two he begins to think that the odds are in his favor and he becomes a much more effective fighting machine

much more effective fighting machine."
"Necessarily he does. We don't half realize the value of our colonies yet—as a training ground for our soldiers. The British army is the smallest in Europe, but it remains to be seen what account it will give of itself if it is ever brought into content with these burses recover twined contents. tact with these huge, peace-trained con-script monsters."
"When the duke dies-" began Rallywood, harking back to the former topic

onversation.

The door was softly opened, and a waiter advanced into the room, bearing a letter for Rallywood, who took it and laid it down on the table beside him, then looked at Counsellor for an answer to his half-spoken

question. Counsellor shrugged his sh

"Who can tell?" he replied, "Meanwhile "Who can tell?" he replied. "Meanwhile take the gifts the gods have sent you to-day," and he pointed to the long, heavily sealed envelope that lay at Rallywood's elbow. "Selpdorf, I see, already has his fin-

> other's hands. "He wishes to see me at 9:30. What can

"How could he have heard that I meant to go? And what can it matter to any one if I do?" went on Rallywood incredulously. Counsellor shook his head, but made no

"A lieutenant of the frontier cavalry," re sumed Rallywood, "is merely a superior make of excise officer!"

"You will be something more or s thing else before 10, I expect. As for what he wants with you, that is for you to find out-if you can.

"It is to be hoped he may feel moved to let me have my arrears of pay," said Rally-wood, relapsing into his usual tone of in-difference; "that is the chief consideration with us on the frontier just now."

He probably will if it suits him-or rather perhaps if you suit him. Come over and dine with me presently at the Continental. There's generally a decent dinner to be had

John Rallywood, one of the old Lincolnshire Rallywoods, had been born to a fortune, and moreover with an immense ca-pacity for enjoying it after a wholesome fashion. Queens Fain had fallen in to him while still an infant upon the death of a great-uncle, and with the old place were connected all those hundred untranslatable ties and associations which go to make up a boy's dreams. He was a man of sup-pressed, perhaps half unconscious, but nevertheless deep-rooted enthusiasms; hence when the blow fell which deprived him not only of his inheritance, but also cut short the life of his mother, the unexpect-ed, almost intolerable anguish he silently endured had left a deep defacing scar upon

us personality.
Up to twenty-two the record of his life if not striking, had been clean and manly. He had passed through Sandhurst, and joined a dragoon regiment for something over a year, when an older branch of the family, supposed for a quarter of a century to be extinct, suddenly presented itself very much alive in the person of a middle-aged, middle-class American. Withn three months the man's claim was substantiated, and estate, fortune, position and home—as far as John Rallywood was con-

erned-had melted into thin air.

During this period of disruption and trouble Counsellor, who happened to be distantly connected with him, came into his life. They did not meet very often and spoke little when together, but mutual knowledge and liking resulted. Friendship is a living thing; it cannot be made; it grows.

Rallywood, when he turned to seek the neans of a livelihood, found himself, as he aid long afterward, standing in the coridor of life with all the doors shut and n

key to open them.
His tastes and training alike led in the direction of a military career, and present-y he went out to the Cape, where he spent year or two in a police force, which was time disbanded, and he returned to Eng

and once more at a loose end.
At this juncture Maj. Counsellor suggestd to him the possibility of obtaining commission in the little army of the duchy of Maasau. This hint set him on the right track. The regiments of Maasau, though few in number, carried splendid traditions. Their ranks were drawn from a stolid, ilent peasantry, and officered by a wirerung, high-tempered aristocracy, born of mixed race, it is true, but none the less antically devoted to the freedom and inependence of their shred of a fatherland In compliance with a priavie request on the part of Major Counsellor, the British minister at Revonde bestirred himself to procure a commission for Rallywood, who thus became a lieutenant in the frontier cavalry, and for more than five years had taken his share in riding and keeping the marches of Maasau, gaining much experience in capturing smugglers and in superintending the digging out of snowed-up trains. But life on the frontier, though crammed with physical activity and routine work, was in every other respect monoto-nously empty, and breaks in the shape of furlough were few and far between. Half liked, wholly respected and a little feared among his comrades, but always remaining a lieutenant to whom the state owed eighteen months' arrears of pay, Rallywood in return owed to Maasau only the qualified service of an unpaid man, but gave it the full devotion of a capable officer.

As to Counsellor, po one could outte as

gation, but he described himself as a bird of passage, whose appearance in any Euro-pean capital simply meant whim or pleasure, for he was growing old and lazy, and could not be brought to account for his wanderings, which, he assured those who wanterings, which, he assured those who ventured to inquire, were chiefly undertaken in search of health. Nevertheless, wherever he went or came something interesting in a political sense—and more often than not in favor of British interests—was almost sure to happen.

In former days he had filled the position of military attache to the continuous three of the

of military attache to two or three of the more important embassies, and was said to be the best known man in Europe. He had, moreover, the right to carry upon his breast the ribbon and decoration of more than one exclusive and distinguished order. Of the many rumors associated with him this saying was certainly true, that one could never enter the smoking room of any diplomatic club in any city in Europe without standing a fair chance of encountering Major Counsellor warming himself beside the stove.

Therefore he had naturally an enormous circle of acquaintances, each individual knowing very little about him, though he always formed an interesting subject of conversation, and a political opinion backed by his name became at once important.

CHAPTER II.

"A Gentleman of the Guard."

Shortly before 9:30 Rallywood presented himself at the granite palace, with its four cupolas, which M. Selpdorf occupied in his capacity of first minister of state. After some slight delay he was ushered into a comfortable study, where he found Selpdorf with a reading lamp at his elbow glancing rapidly through a mass of papers that he threw one after another with apparent carelessness on the floor beside him.

The chancellor of a small state might ery well have been pardoned had he introluced a certain amount of what an old official used to call "desk dignity" into his dealings with those who approached him, but Selpdorf habitually affected an easy manner and an easy chair. He was a middle-sized man, possessed of a very round head, bald at the crown, but having still a ock of dark hair on the summit of his round

with a card upon a salver. Selpdorf read the name with the faintest contraction of his brows. "You will excuse me, M. Rallywood," he said; "I must ask you to wait in the anteroom for a few minutes."

The ante-room was a long, pillared corridor, in which Rallywood found himself quite alone. He fell at once into speculations as to the meaning and aim of Selpdorf's late awakened interest in himself.

Also the allusions to Counsellor had probably been made with calculated intention.

Rallywood understood that each of these two men had the same end in view; each desired to dissemble his own character.

And each of them succeeded with the many, but failed as between themselves. Selpdorf posed as the suave, sympathetic, good-natured friend of those with whom he came in contact; Counsellor, as a man of no account, a rugged soldler, honest strong, outspoken, a good agent to act un honest der the direction of more astute brains but, if left to his own resources, somewhat blunt and blundering.

To do Rallywood justice, he was far more occupied with this last thought than with the things which bore more directly on his own prospects and future. At this period his life was comparatively tasteless and void of interest; there was nothing to look forward to, and the recent past meant ex-tremes of heat and cold, long, solitary rounds ridden by night, and days rendered so far alike by Iron-handed rule and meth-od that one was driven to mark the lapse of time by the seasons, not by the ordinary divisions of weeks and months.

As he lounged in a chair, full of these thoughts, a slight rustle, soft and silken, like the rustle of a woman's dress, caught his ear. He turned his head quickly. The coordinar with the clonder with the slonder with th

forehead; very round eyes set far back in smooth holes showing little lid; a nose blun; and thick over lips that might have been and thick over lips that might have been and the light, and from where he sat oblique carriage of the head and the high-

"Monsieur has set his heel on my poor glove," she added.

By his hasty movement in rising he had apparently dislodged the glove from its position on the edge of the couch. He stooped with a hurried word of apology and picked it up. On the delicate palm was stamped the curved stain of his boot heel. "Do you always treat a lady's glove so?" she asked gravely, and held out her hand for it.

Rallywood looked down at her very deliberately, and something that was neither his will nor his reason decided his next ac-tion. He folded the soft suede reverently ogether.

"No. mademoiselle," he answered, as he placed it inside his tunic, "I have never before treated a lady's glove—so. For the accident, I offer my deepest apologies."

She watched him with raised eyebrows and a slight derisive smile. Then she drew the companion glove from her right hand. and, giving it to the lackey, who still remained in the background, she said:
"Throw it away, it is useless, and tell

Nanzelle to bring me another pair."
"Monsleur, with whom I have not yet the pleasure of being acquainted," interrupted

pleasure of being acquainted," interrupted the baron rather suddenly, "monsieur is, after all, the lucky man. He retains what I dare not even ask for."

"Shall I call back the servant with its fellow for you?" mademoiselle asked, haughtily. "It is nothing to me who picks up what I have thrown away." With this rebuff to Raliywood, she placed her hand upon the German's, as if to ask him to lead her from the room, and added:

"You wish for an introduction? Then

"You wish for an introduction? Then allow me to present you to each other. His excellency the Baron von Elmur." She paused, and her eyes dwelt for a moment on Rallywood's. "A gentleman of the guard." And before Rallywood could exguard." And before Rallywood could ex-plain the mistake the curtain had dropped behind them, and he was left sta



the upstanding mustache seemed to add point. For all his peculiarity of aspect, he was a man who left an impression on the was a man who left an impression on the lying where he now saw it at the time of his entrance. memory of something pleasing and attrac-tive, especially in the minds of women. He received Rallywood with that air of eep personal interest which told with such effect on those whom he desired to

"Ah, my dear lieutenant, I understood you were in Revonde, and took advantage of your presence to put into effect a little plan which had been for some time in contem-plation. I recollect having had the pleas-

piation. I recollect having had the pleasure of meeting you not so long ago when you arrived in Maasau."
"Nearly six years ago, your excellency," replied Rallywood with a smile.
"I can scarcely believe it to be so long. At any rate, I remember perfectly that I had the honor of presenting you to his highness as the latest addition to our frontier cavalry."

Your excellency might easily have forgotten. From the nature of the case that could not be possible with me." Selpdorf listened with a little astonishment. This Englishman was not quite such a fool as one might have expected from the fact of his having been content to remain without perferment and only a proportion of his pay for over five years on the fron-tier. He had hoped to find the fellow adaptable, but this long-limbed, slowspoken gentleman was not altogether so transparent an individuality as Selpdorf

had led himself to expect. "But why have you secluded yourself for so long among those barbarous marshes and forests?" demanded the chancellor in a rallying manner. The young man made no reply, though the obvious one was in

"By the by," resumed the chancellor, as If struck by a new thought, "I have heard that your countryman, Major Counsellor, has came to pay us a little visit in Mas sau."
"He is here. I have just seen him," re-

plied Rallywood. Selpdorf's round eyes glanced once more at his companion. The simple directness of the reply was admirable, but baffling.

"Ah, he is invaluable, the good major, quite invaluable! England may well be proud of him. He is one of the ablest men in Europe, besides"—here he smiled, showing a row of strong, even teeth—"besides being one of the most honest. For a diplomatist—what praise!"

Rallywood met his glance imperturba bly. "For a diplomatist, your excellency?" he

"But assuredly," replied the chancello warmly; "figure to yourself, my friend, the condition of politics if all statesmen were like him-honest! An invaluable man!" He paused for a reply, but Rallywood merely bowed. He felt that so much, at least, was expected of him on the part of "But now, monsieur, with regard to your

own affair. You have been five years in the service of his highness. And your command?" As to Counsellor, no one could quite account for his presence at Revonde at the present moment. He was supposed to be attached in some indefinite way to the le-

coarse, but were controlled and betrayed he could see that there was no person visa lurking humor at the corners, to which the upstanding mustache seemed to add Then, as his gaze traveled back, it rested

on something which had certainly not been Not six paces behind him, stretched across the dark carpeting, in the very cen-ter of the pillared vista, lay a woman's

long glove. A woman's glove possesses a peculiar charm for all men. Perhaps it suggests some of the sweet mystery of womanhood. The first action of most young men in Rallywood's place would have been to raise it at once and to examine it, as though in some impalpable manner it could tell something of its unknown wearer, who

might turn out to be the Hathor, the one woman in the world. But the circumstances of Rallywood's life, and, perhaps, also, some exclusive ele-ment in his character, had heretofore set him rather apart from the influence of wo n. He had grown to regard them with-curiosity, which is the last stage in-

difference can reach. It must be admitted that it was with It must be admitted that it was with a feeling akin to repugnance that he at last lifted the long, soft, pale-hued, faintly-scented suede from the floor and dangled it at an unnecessary distance from his eyes, holding it as he did so daintily between finger and thumb. Its subtle appeal to his senses as a man falled to reach him. It simply aroused an old feeling of reserve toward the sex it represented. His face altered slightly and he dropped it sud-denly with an old repulsion, as he might have dropped a snake, on a couch near by. Then he resumed his chair and turned his back upon it, till the reflection that th woman to whom it belonged must have come and gone while he sat thinking with

his back to the corridor sent him wheeling round again. The glove still lay where he had place it on the edge of the couch, palm upward and with a suggestion of helplessness and pleading. It annoyed him unreasonably. He frowned and looked at his watch. Half in hour had passed since Selpdorf dismisse

At that moment a gutteral voice brok the silence of the house and a heavy curtain over the door at the nearer end of the anteroom was thrust back by a brusque hand, and a tall, high-shouldered, handsome nan, dressed as if he were about to attend

man, dressed as he were about to attend some court function, stood in the opening. Behind him Rallywood caught sight of a flurried and explanatory lackey.

"Ah, so I have lost my way after all," said this personage in a bland voice. "A mistake! But I hope you will accord me your forgiveness, mademoiselle?"

shouldered figure of the third man he had seen with the newspaper correspondents in the Grand Square that afternoon. Moreover, he knew that the German had entered th ne knew that the German had entered the ante room through no mistake, but with some object in view. As for the girl, who was she and where had she come from? She was not of Maasau, since she had introduced him as belonging to the guard, for not only was every officer of that favored corps individually known, but it was further impossible for a Maasau to was further impossible for a Maasaun to make the slightest mistake with regard to any uniform. It was one of the boasts of the country that even a child could tell at glance not only the special regiment, but the rank of the wearer of any uniform be-

longing to the duchy.

Rallywood had no time just then to pursue the subject further, as he was almost immediately recalled to the chancollor's

"Now, monsieur," began Selpdorf, as though no break had occurred in the conversation, "you are in truth tired of keeping our dreary marches; is it not so? There are better places-and worse, your

Our gay little capital will be one of the

better places, I promise you," continued the chancellor. "A position in the guard of his

highness has just become vacant. Am I right in believing that a nomination to that superb regiment would tempt you to re-Rallywood for once was a little taken back.

"A gentleman of the guard." He repeated the girl's words of introduction mechanically; then, putting aside the thought of her, he took up the practical view of the situation and answered: "I am an Englishman, your excellency, and though I have taken the soldier's oath to the Maasaun standard, I have not taken the oath of nationality. I could not consent to become a naturalized citizen even of the duchy of Maasau."

"Ah, so?" Selpdorf stroked his chin, then dispatching the objection with a wave of his hand, he resumed: "We must overlook that in your case. You have already served that in your case. You have already served the duke for five years with as sincere a zeal as the trucst Maasaun amongst us. We must remember that and overlook a draw-back which is far less important than it

He turned to a memorandum on the table and consulted it. "You were engaged in the affair at Xan-thal, I see?"

thal, I see?"
"Three years ago, your excellency," replied Rallywood in a tone that implied his powers of usefulness had become impaired by lapse of time.
Selpdorf moved his shoulders. Here was

mistake! But I hope you will accord me your forgiveness, mademoiselle?"

Rallywood sprang to his feet at this most unexpected ending and looked around.

Close beside him stood a tall girl wrapped in a long cloak of fur and amber velvet. She was singularly beautiful, with a pale, clear-hued beauty. Her black, long-lashed eyes were on him and they were full of laughter.

"Enter, then, baron," said the girl, glancing across at the courtier. "Did you guess you would find me here, or were you seeking monsieur?" and she waved her bare left hand toward Rallywood.

"I lost my way, nothing more," returned the baron, coming forward; "but perhaps.

nights, when there are many attempts to run illicit golds afross the frontier, I shall have, perhaps, a store or so more."

"And you are not tired of it?" M. Selpdorf raised his hands.

"So tired, your excellency, that I am half inclined to let a better man step into my shoes."

"But come, come, that is impossible!" returned his excellency agreeably. "Are you also tired of our capital, of Revonde?"

"I have had very little opportunity of growing tired of Revonde. I know nothing of it."

"But you would prefer Revonde, believe me."

At this moment an attendant appeared with a card upon a salver. Selpdorf read the name with the faintest contraction of his brows.

"I should not have been here but for an accident," she replied coldly. "In fact, I was limited to acting second in a hastily arranged duel fought out in the yard behind a little country railway station.

"I should not have been here but for an accident," she replied coldly. "In fact, I was on the point of starting for his highness' reception, had not monsieur detained me." And to Railywood's amazement, she indicated himself.

Before he could speak she pointed to his pour experience on the frontier has eminently fitted you for the position. They were said to be a pleasant set of fellows socially, unless one ran foul of their prejudices. As for his personal acquaintance with them, were credited with a good many prejudices. As for his personal acquaintance with them, accident," she replied coldly. "In fact, I was limited to acting second in a hastily arranged duel fought out in the yearl behind a little country railway station. "I should like to see a somewhat different spirit introduced and to be a saured that could always rely on the presence of at least one cool-headed officer at the palace. Your experience on the frontier has eminent of the guard. May I have the pleasure of saluting you as such?"

Relived the faintest contraction of the gold the glove from its position on the edge of the couch. He stooped with a hurried word of apology and

difficulties, but they appeared rather at-tractive than otherwise at the moment. He threw back his shoulders, a light of laughter came into his eyes, he raised his head and looked into Selpdorf's face. "I thank your excellency." The chancellor understood more than met

the ear. He approached the subject dell-

the ear. He approached the subject deli-cately.

"Then you will allow me to congratulate you, Capt. Rallywood," he said, bending forward to shake hands with his visitor in English fashion. "There may possibly be some trifting difficulties at the outset. The first step in any undertaking usually costs something, but you will not, I beg, permit yourself to be drawn into, ahem, any shal-low quarrels. Our friends of the guard, you will understand, are a little too prone to will understand, are a little too prone to pick up even a careless word on the sword M. Selpdorf paused and referred once

more to the memorandum.
"There has been some small hitch about

the pay on the frontier of late?" he asked, "A serious hitch for the last eighteen months or so, your excellency," replied Rallywood, with a smile that did not reach his avec

his eyes.
"Indeed? That must be remeiled. The paymaster general shall have a note upon your affair immediately, Capt. Rallywood. Good night."

Rallywood stepped out into the windy, frozen night, and also out of his old life into the new. Above him the stars, written in their vast, vague characters upon the night-blue vault of sky, shone with a keen luster; below his feet, with scarce a break in the great circle. in the great circle, it seemed as if they drew tog-ther in denser clusters and set themselves in luminous tiers. These latter were the lights of the city. For the Hotel du Chancelier stands high upon one of the twin ridges which form the ravine of the river, and upon whose converging slopes Revonde is built. Rallywood stood and looked down upon the dip and rise of the terraced city with a new interest, for now it held a future for him individually, a future which must be stirring, and might

be something more.

The eyes of the girl whose glove he had trodden upon still 'hallenged him from the starlit darkness, eyes mad' of starlit darkness themselves. He followed the broad hess themselves. He followed the broad black line of the river between its sweeping curves of lamps, broadening out seaward into hazy dimness. Then as a great bell across the water boomed out the hour he turned his gaze to the east, in the direction of the sound, to where the broken brightness of the crowding streets gave place to a majestic alignment of light and shadow. showing the position of the ducal palace upon the river bank. Behind and above it shone a blood-red gleam like an angry eye; this Rallywood knew to be the great stained dome of the historic mess room of the

Then the late lieutenant of the frontier cavalry laughed aloud in the dark, his blood dingled in his veins, for the priceless element of a vague, unknown danger and excitement had entered into his life. (To be continued.)

INDIAN PANTHER HUNTING. A Difficult and Unproductive Sport and the Methods of Pursuing It.

Of all forms of sport in India, sitting up

at night over a bait for panthers is about

From the Field.

the most utterly wearisome and most unproductive, and yet at stations near to which panthers are to be found nearly every sportsman has tried it more or less often-generally without ever having seen, much less bagged, a panther. Still, after repeated failures, it is very hard to resist the temptation of trying once again when some village shikari comes in and reports that a panther comes to his village every night, and has killed a large number of the villagers' cows or goats. The method adopted in this form of sport is very simadopted in this form of sport is very simple. The sportsman sits up in a tree, on a native bedstead generally, while underneath the tree is tethered a kid, which is supposed to bleat loudly, and so attract any panther which may be in the neighborhood within close range of the sportsman above him. Of course, a moonlight night should be chosen; for this is not a sine qua non, as a lantern with the glass covered with white tissue paper, hung in a covered with white tissue paper, hung in a tree over the kid, makes a very fair subtree over the kid, makes a very lair sub-stitute for a moon, especially if the ground around the kid is covered with chaff (which is procurable at every village), as this makes the panther much more easily this makes the panther much more easily seen than if only the dark ground were beneath him. One reason for the non-success of this form of sport is simply that the panther on this particular night does not go his rounds in that jungle, or else he comes so late that the sportsman, tired of sitting up for several hours, has gone home, or, what is very commonly the case, when both sportsman and kid have gone to when both sportsman and kid have gone to sleep at their posts. Not uncommonly when the panther does at last come with a rush the panther does at last come with a rush like a railway engine, the sportsman is so taken by surprise that he starts up on his machan, which creaks loudly (and all native bedsteads do creak), and, of course, scares the panther. If a camp chair is placed upon the bedstead and hung around with branches so as to make it invisible placed upon the bedstead and hung around with branches, so as to make it invisible, it is possible to sit for hours with great comfort, and when the panther seizes the goat, to lean quietly forward and take the shot. This prevents all creaking and roise, and is far more comfortable than lying flat on one's side or stomach for a and roise, and is far more comfortable than lying flat on one's side or stomach for a length of time. The kid generally bleats loudly for half or three-quarters of an hour, and then lies down and goes to sleep; after which nothing on earth will make him bleat. This is the greatest difficulty the sportsman has to contend with for unless sportsman has to contend with, for unless the kid bleats he may just as well go home at once, as there is nothing to attract the

There are several ways of keeping the kid There are several ways of keeping the kid awake and lively—all more or less cruel, and all equally useless. The only effective method is to have two kids, one to be tied up under the machan, the other to be left with two reliable men at some place a few hundred yards away in the direction from which the panther is least likely to come hundred yards away in the direction from which the panther is least likely to come. If only one man is left in charge, he will be afraid to remain if there is a panther about; and if he does not run away he will probably fall asleep. When kid number one stops bleating, the men with number two should be quietly whistled up and the kids should be quietly whistled up and the kids changed; and when the fresh kid also goes changed; and when the Iresh kid also goes to sleep, the original one should be again tied up. By this means a sportsman can have a kid bleating under his tree from sunset to sunrise, if he has patience to wait so long—which, I must confess, I never had. I must have sat up over kids some twenty or twenty-five times before I even saw a panther, but my perseverance was re-warded at last, and then only after I began to try the plan of having two kids, a plan which answered exceedingly well. A large panther had been doing a lot of mischief for some months at a village some twenty miles from cantonments, and the local shi-kari persuaded me to go and try for him. having sent my camp and two kids or ahead, I started late, and reached the vil-lage about 5 p.m. I had a machan rigged up not far from the village, and between and a rather extensive jungle from which I got into my machan at dusk, and had to change the kids only once before I heard

the panther grunting in the jungle about a quarter of a mile away. For half an hour longer I heard nothing of him, and I began to think he had passed on. But all of a sudden he came with a tremendous rush from behind me, and lay down beside the kid. I must have moved to consider the kid. I must have moved tooquickly, for the bedstead (it was before I used a camp chair) creaked, and the panther at once bolted. He went about fifty yards and lay down, watching the kid. After some ten minutes he began to crawl very slowly toward my tree and when he was about twenty wards tree, and when he was about twenty yards off he again rushed at the kid, caught it by the neck and tried to make off with it. The peg to which the kid was tied had not been sufficiently hammered into the ground, and it came out when the panther snatched away the kid. It was large and heavy, and made such a noise as it bumped against the hard ground that the panther was star-tled, dropped the kid and went off. After going some fifty yards, he lay down and watched the kid for nearly a quarter of an watched the kid for nearly a quarter of an hour. He then began to crawl toward it, step by step. I was afraid to let him come too near, for fear he should make another rush and make off with the kid before I could get a shot. So, when he was about twenty yards off, I fired at his chest—not a very large mark to aim at by moonlight.

When I fired he gave a loud wough, wough, and made off at full speed before I could get a second shot. I could not find any blood that night; next morning I found a few drops, but could see nothing of the panther, so gave him up as lost.

Next day I beat the jungle in the neighborhood for spotted deer without success, and when I had finished the last beat I sent a man to look at a porcupine hole close

and when I had finished the last beat I sent a man to look at a porcupine hole close by, to see if there were any signs of a panther having entered it. He reported that he had seen a panther at the mouth of the hole, and that it had growled at him and gohe into the burrow. On going to look at the place myself. I found fresh panther footprints and a good deal of blood, so it was evident that my friend of the night before was there. I collected the beaters and placed them out of harm's way, and proceeded to fasten a firework to the end of a long bamboo, with a view to bolting the panther from the burrow. I fancy he must have heard us walking about over his head for, with a loud roar, he suddenly charged out of the hole and made straight for a man who had lagged behind without my knowing it. He got up on his hind legs, placed his pans on the man's chest and back, and tried to bite his face. As it happened, the bullet I fired at him the night before had broken the beast's right fore-leg half way up, so that when he selzed the man the broken leg gave way and man and panther fell to the ground, one on top of the other. The panther immediately left the man and bolted into some thick jungle, and had him driven out by stones thrown from the hillistic above. He came within thirty yards of me and stood there looking at the beaters, and I killed him on the spot with a bullet through the shoulders. Except for a small scratch the man was quite unhurt. The panther was a male and measured seven feet three and one-half inches. sent a man to look at a porcupine hole clos

ART AND ARTISTS

The director of fine arts for the United

States commission at the Paris exposition, Mr. John B. Cauldwell, has announced that the cimaise, or line-space, which has been assigned to the fine art section of this country amounts to about 550 running feet for oil paintings, water colors, pastels, illustrations, architectural drawings, engravings and the like, taken all together. This is less than was allowed to the United States at the exposition of 1889, but the same is true of the fine art sections allotted to all the countries, the idea being to secure a high quality in the exhibit rather than a great amount. The work of selecting material to fill this limited space will be intrusted to two juries in this country, one meeting in New York city and the other in Chicago. Eastern and western men will be represented on each, and to some extent the same persons will serve on both. A jury will also be created in Paris. The space for sculpture has not yet been arranged. There will be two juries to judge this work, one in the United States and the other in Paris.

* * A portrait of Miss Cassini, the niece of the Russian ambassador, is just receiving the final touches from the brush of Prince Troubetzkoy. It is a full-length portrait, and is said to be an excellent likeness in all

Franz J. Schwartz, the china decorator, will sail for Europe in about a month's time. He will spend most of the summer in Vienna, returning to Washington after a visit of some three months. Mr. Schwarz has been doing a large amount of very attractive china work during the spring, all of which is of merit, and some of a quite high order of excellence. While abroad Mr. Schwartz will make a careful study of the latest methods in the ceramic art on the continent, from both its artistic and mechanical sides, and will doubtless return to this city with many new ideas and an in creased equipment for work.

Daniel C. French, the sculptor of "The Minute Man," "Death and the Sculptor," and other notable works, has been elected a member of the famous Accademia di Sau Luca of Rome. Mr. French is the first American to have this distinction conferred

A centenary celebration in memory of Velasquez took place the 1st of this month in Madrid, including the unveiling of a statue of the great painter, and the inauguration of a Velesquez section in the National Gallery. Some of the artist's them the great historic piece, "The Sur-render of Breda." finest works are retained in Spain,

Portrait work is, as usual, occupying the attention of Mr. F. J. Fisher this summer, and he has just finished a number of excellent canvases. One of the most important of his recent works is a large oil portrait of Mrs. John W. Carroll of Lynchburg, Va. Mr. Fisher has also just finished pastels of Mrs. Craddock, Mr. Bigby and Mr. Christian, all of Lynchburg, while he is about to begin portraits of the father and mother of Mrs. William Banigan of Providence, R. I. Of no less interest is the working upon which Mrs. Fisher is engaged. She is upon which Mrs. Fisher is engaged. She is now doing a small oil portrait of her mother, Mrs. W. M. Brewer, into which she has succeeded in putting a remarkable amount of expression and life. A study in still life which Mrs. Fisher has lately finished is also a meritorious work. In it she has caught with great truth the difficult tones of a bunch of Earl of Dufferin roses.

A bronze bust of Edgar Allen Poe will be unveiled at the University of Virginia next fall, where the author was once a student. Poe died on October 7, fifty years ago, and exercises will take place next autumn in

his memory. At a recent sale in London "The Holy Family," by Rubens, fetched over \$40,000, while "The Conversion of Saul" and "The Woman Taken in Adultery," by the same painter, brought about \$10,000 each. The Athenaeum recalls the fact that fifteen years ago the prices quoted for these three pictures were respectively \$25,000, \$17,000 and \$8,000, and manifests surprise that in this day anybody can be found to give such sums for pictures which are not autographic.

graphic.

The best work of Mr. W. H. Machen lies in the direction of his studies of game, where long practice and close observation have made it possible for him to portray with good results the animals and birds which are known to most people only after they are killed. Mr. Machen has a canvas in his studio now showing a convey of par-tridges in their haunt on the edge of the forest. These birds are painted in a life-like way that shows care and knowledge of detail. Behind them is an immense fal-len tree, while still further back the au-tumn colors in the woods, and a glimpse of a river on one side, contribute toward the naturalness of the scene. Another game picture just completed is that of a couple of wild ducks in which the wor ful greens, reds and browns of these birds nake a striking piece of color. The armake a striking piece of color. The artist has also been at work lately upon a pasture view where a group of cows and sheep are grazing on the hills, behind which a bit of woods and river are seen, while a study in oil of the Potomac river below the Great Falls reveals some of the picturesque features of that most picturesque waterway in that vicinity.

A portrait of Miss Marion Gallaudet, the daughter of President Gallaudet of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has been undertaken by Henry Floyd, which shows great promise. The figure stands at full length, and both in composition and execution the portrait pos-

composition and execution the portrait pos

esses many admirable qualities Alas, Poor Yorlck

From Stray Stories. "What's the matter?" asked the stage manager, who noticed that something was going wrong toward the end of "Hamlet." "It's the first grave digger," said Horatio. "He says unless you give him the price of a good meal at once he's going to eat the loaf of bread they're using for Yorick's skull."

And Then He Went. From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle He-"Do you take an interest in my wel-

She-"No, only in your farewell."